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VOLUME XXIV.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN AN UNKNOWN LADY'S ALBUM.

AT THE REBIRTH OF A GENTLEMAN.

THE ALBUM.

Two a beautiful thought in the shade of Time,

That suggested the Almond to man—

To make the soft day's softness of repose,

Or to call back the softness of repose.

In which to paint gaily, the colour of hope,

Leaving years of illness to prove,

To give in the wild wings of fancy, free scope

In the regions of friendship and love.

To take a look at memory's classic,

With a smile, and a smile with a sigh,

By the magic light of each page.

Then go, little bird—with the Moons to smile,

While the flowers of poetry spring,

From a deep sense of thought, new forms weave its

with a smile.

And bid valent, its offering bring.

With silent permission, tak gifts of each friend,

To him to the far-off years,

As though he had been born to defend,

Meet the image of former conquerors.

Go forth on thy mission—Tell-Gentle and True,

On these pages thy grand should be laid,

Whence Pictures and Woodwork and Pictures have

With a beauty that never can fade.

Prize Story.

ARLINGTON HOUSE;

2 Domestic Story.

FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF SEVENTY-

FIVE DOLLARS WAS AWARDED

BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

More than half a century has been swallowed up in the fastidious abyss of Time, since the tale which I am about to relate, formed the leading topic of conversation and newspaper notoriety, in the great world of London and its suburbs.

The exciting nature of the incidents, awed the most timid of spectators, and thrilling interest in the progress of the plot, caused the simple truth will scarcely need a touch from the fascinating pencil of romance, to heighten its glowing colors in the imagination.

Arlington House was a large and gloomy looking mansion, situated in rather lonely parts of London, and its exterior was of brick, and surrounded by a garden, the roof of which, at first sight, inspired thoughts of melancholy.

The lady interrupted its throna with the cypress, hemlock, and laurel, to form a hedge around the house. The trumpet crept and mourned ivy along with a tempestuous hold to the dark looks of the walls, and was overthrown by the wind, till it was overwhelmed by its own weight.

Two immense willow trees added their mockery of weeping, as their long branches drooped upon the grass, and excluded the windows the bright face of the sun.

The beautiful river Thames, the only object to the eye was just visible through the trees, from the window of the room, while on the other side a long green military road, stretching as delightful, and the air will do you good.

Mr. DAVIE, Minister, Beau, Pa.

